

The Richest Duke and Duchess Come to Call



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DUKE AND DUCHESS OF SUTHERLAND

The Jewels of Dakota

THE government of South Dakota has a task lifted somewhat above the ordinary toil of public life, and can make an appeal for public support far different from the ordinary appeals of politics. It is planning to restore a chain of "lost lakes" in the central counties to some of their earlier size and beauty.

When the first settlers and prospectors came, the state was largely grass and slope. The heavy rains flowed over the grass and accumulated in hollows and swampy lakes. Thus a chain of lakes of idyllic beauty was drawn across the region. Then came the plow and the harrow, and the open soil drew the rains down into the earth, and the lakes dwindled into ponds and pools.

But in later years the farmers, edging toward the Big Sioux river, have confronted a serious problem. In spring this river gathers up many little tributaries, and floods over its banks. Oftentimes acres of crops are destroyed by these floods.

The State Game Department has found only one way to relieve the pressure of these annual floods. This is by opening a canal across from the Big Sioux to the ancient Lake Poinsett. The canal will guide the floodwaters to the lake. It will keep the floods from rushing over and wrecking farmlands. It will prevent the formation of profitless swamps on the edges of the river. And it will restore to the central counties the beauty of waters which the earlier settlers saw, and the abundant fish and game life which the earlier hunters enjoyed.

It is very practical and typical of the truly practical in that it is also beautiful. For what is really practical, in the fullest human sense of the word, is really lovely, and what is really beautiful, in the fullest and noblest meaning of that word, is of actual and practical use to humanity. So we can imagine the Dakota lakes glittering upon her soil, and there the farmer and the poet can meet. One will say, "This is what saved the wheatfields from the flood." And the other can say, "This is what restored the beauty of creation."

A leading investment banker of Chicago states that America has 20,000 new millionaires as a result of the prosperity superinduced by the war.

THIS young man is 31 years old, owns 1,000,000 acres of land, also a good share of the Highland Railway Co., also the Stafford Coal and Iron Co., also the Florence Collieries. Thus with land, coal, iron and transportation under his control, he is quite an aristocrat in the world.

He is an aristocrat; he is the Duke of Sutherland, if you please, and the history of his house indicates that the title is based on wealth, having given its previous wearers an opportunity at most of the money-making enterprises of the district over which the title rested.

The title was first a reward for war, bestowed by William the Lion, and was enhanced by later services in war, insomuch that after a while the Sutherland family was given the right to bear the royal scepter before the king.

His real name is George Granville Sutherland-Leveson-Gower, and of course he is not the creator of any of the wealth which gives him the distinction of being the richest man in the British nobility. He inherited his land and with it the people who tilled it, and his children will inherit their children, and so on down to the latest posterity, unless something happens to break up that system. Men sometimes find it easy enough to submit to their own condition, that of working for the Duke of Sutherland or someone else, but they do not easily submit to the thought of their children being inevitably bound to work for their present employers' sons or grandsons. It is this feeling which is at the bottom of the strange disorder in England, which is not so much a revolt against a title as against the economic strong-grip which a title often gives. In this young man's case, the title has been the family's best business asset.

Beside him is the duchess. The photograph was taken in California.

Courting the Tropic Sunshine

ONCE it was the Yankee who was proverbially original and daring. Later men have spoken of the Australian or the Californian or the Japanese. To-day there is no spot on earth that may not originate a suggestion for the complete transformation of the world, or at least a part of the world. And from Newfoundland comes a plan to alter the wintry climate of Newfoundland, Nova Scotia, New Brunswick and New England by building a big dam.

The Newfoundland engineers would build a breakwater across the Straits of Belle Isle from their island to the mainland. By this device they would check the rush of the icy Labrador current, which brings blood-chilling cold from the frozen North, and casts a spell of winter all along the New England coast. They have pictured the Gulf Stream turning inward its balmy current, and warming New England before it drives across the Atlantic to soften the misty chill of Old England.

Of course the effect of all these currents on actual climate is unknown. Some offer the Gulf Stream still as an explanation of the fact that England is warmer than any American land in the same latitude. Others have other explanations for this and other puzzles of the climate of the world.

But the mere suggestion of baffling the icy current of Labrador, the mere suggestion of enticing the Gulf Stream toward New England, shows that man has definitely embarked upon a new ocean of enterprise. Man must eventually have some sway over the climate of his home, if he is to remain and prosper in numbers in this world. He may not control everything, but he must find what he can control, and he must better whatever he has power to better.

In a way this task is not new, but old. The first man who made a fire was really carrying on the same fight as the engineers who plan the Newfoundland breakwater. He was fighting against winter and death. He was fighting with warmth and life. That first fire-maker preserved the life of the race, and we must find new ways to maintain the lives of the multiplying millions.

Director General of Immigration Caminetti in a statement before a House committee declared that radical Europeans are flocking into this country via Mexico at the rate of 3,000 to 5,000 a month because of the inadequacy of the appropriation to meet the cost of proper border control.

In a speech before the Investment Bankers' Association at St. Louis, H. B. Hulbert, former minister to the United States from Korea, declared that the future firing line for trade and commerce of the United States lies in Asia.

The rice shortage in the Far East, especially in South Asia, is so serious and is so widespread that it will be several years before the world generally, and especially the Far East, recovers.

Senator Kenyon, a Republican, who as chairman of the Senate Labor Committee, which recently investigated the steel strike in Pittsburgh, declares that Americanization of foreigners should be an immediate effort of Congress through legislation. He asserts that about half of the steel workers are of foreign birth and cannot read, write or speak English.

The Universal Language of a Baby's Eyes

IT DOESN'T really matter what this child is—what nationality, what heredity, what race. She is a baby, and one glance at her trustful, expectant eyes would win her the protection of human hearts anywhere. There is something cosmopolitan about babies. Like the rose, they speak all languages. It is only when they learn grown people's speech that they become unintelligible.

As a matter of fact this baby is a child of Vienna whom the stress of war and hunger had reduced to a tubercular state. You may have the satisfaction of knowing that you have done something for this child, for she is one of the children saved by American food through the efforts of the Hoover mission.

Over 100,000 children received American food regularly and, indeed, will receive it until their own resources are equal to the demand. Of these a large number were in such a state of depletion that food with medical care preserved them. But many babies just like these have died in Europe as victims of war, without any of the glory, without even having their names on the casualty lists. If babies had a vote, there would be no more war.



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